

Newport Mercury

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The Newport Mercury,
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JOHN P. SANBORN,
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THE NEWPORT MERCURY was established in June, 1788, and is now in its one hundred and thirty-fourth year. It is the oldest newspaper in the United States, with less than half a dozen exceptions, the oldest printed in the English language. It is a large quarto weekly of fifty columns, filled with interesting reading—editorial, state, local and foreign news, and selected miscellany and valuable farmers' and household departments. It reaches so many households in this and other parts of the United States, that it is advertising in it very valuable to business men.

Terms: \$2.00 a year in advance. Single copies 5 cents. Extra copies can always be obtained at the office of publication, and at the various news rooms in the city.

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Societies Occupying Mercury Hall.

HORE COUGH. No. 3, People's Favorite Order, William Allen, Conductor; Geo. F. Ronalds, Recording Secretary; meets 1st and 3rd Monday evenings in each month.

COMMISSIONERS' COMMISSION. No. 72, People's Five Year Record Order, John J. Peckham, Conductor; David Stevens, Secretary; meets 2nd and 4th Monday evenings in each month.

GEN. NATHANIEL GREENE COUNCIL. No. 4, Order United American Mechanics, L. C. Bachevalier, Conductor; W. H. C. Johnson, Recording Secretary; meets 1st and 3rd Tuesday evenings.

PEABODY TROOP. No. 38, Helping Hand Order, Simon Hazen, Conductor; Joseph T. Perry, Secretary; meets 2nd and 4th Tuesday evenings in each month.

ELECTRIC LOVER. Friendly Aid Society, Simon Hazen, President; J. K. McLean, Secretary; meets 1st and 3rd Wednesday evenings in each month.

THE NEWPORT HISTORICAL SOCIETY. A. K. McLean, President; James Galvin, Secretary; meets 2nd and 4th Wednesday evenings in each month.

MADISON LODGE. No. 93, N. E. P. of John J. Peckham, Warden; James H. Goddard, Secretary; meets 1st and 3rd Thursday evenings in each month.

NEWPORT COUNCIL. No. 56, American Fraternal Circle, James H. Conestock, Conductor; Geo. A. Pritchard, Secretary; meets 2nd and 4th Thursday evenings in each month.

NEWPORT LODGE. No. 11, K. of T., Fred W. Williamson, Conductor; Thomas W. Williamson, Recorder of Records and Seals; meets every Friday evening.

Local Matters.

The Crescent Quartette Benefit

The benefit entertainment of the Crescent Quartette of this city, which occurred Thursday evening, was a very enjoyable affair and the size of the house must have been as gratifying to the club as the programme was to the audience. There were selections by the Banjo Club and Prof. Herbert gave some very well rendered solos on the clarinet, alto horn and circular bass, accompanied by Prof. Fredericks on the piano. Miss Tourtellot of Providence gave some excellent readings, and Mr. Stewart of Boston entertained the audience with impersonations, while the Linton Brothers of New Bedford assisted by Mr. Chas. Wing of this city, performed on the banjo, guitar and flutina in a most satisfactory manner. Prof. Merker and his zither were received with hearty applause and Mr. James Galvin excelled himself in topical and character songs. The Newport Orchestra furnished the music. Mr. Fred Greene, the president of the club gave an illustrated lecture on the "Trials of a Ticket Seller," and thanked every one, in his own pleasing manner, for making the affair the success that it was. Master Fred Greene gave some recitations, which the audience heartily applauded, in which he showed that he was, as indicated in the programme, "a chip of the old block." Another of the many interesting features was the act by the Young Men's Gymnasium class on parallel bars, which was very neatly performed.

Caught in the Act.

While patrolling his beat about 9 o'clock yesterday morning, Officer Dunbar heard a noise on Scott's wharf and immediately proceeded to learn its cause. Arriving at the bottling establishment of Thos. J. Lyons he found two young men busily engaged in robbing the premises. He grappled with the two and succeeded in taking one, Thomas Bailey, to the station, and the other, Peter F. Martin, was subsequently arrested at his home. Both men were arraigned yesterday afternoon and their case continued to Tuesday, Bailey being released on bail and Martin being committed.

Mr. Samuel S., son of Thomas M. Freeborn, died quite suddenly Tuesday, from pneumonia, the result of a cold contracted at last week's fire. His funeral was solemnized Thursday afternoon and was largely attended, the Newport Band and Sons of Veterans and a large delegation from the fire department being present.

Mrs. Mary E., wife of Rev. E. H. Kettell, D. D., of Morrisania, died in New York city last Saturday from pneumonia. Rev. Mr. Kettell was formerly settled over the Zion Episcopal church in this city, and the deceased had many warm friends here who will sincerely mourn her loss.

Historical Society Meeting.

The Newport Historical Society held its regular monthly meeting Tuesday evening, and it was well attended. It was voted to invite Mr. Noah J. Arnold to deliver before the society his lecture on Gen. Nathaniel Greene, and to subscribe for the New England Historical and Genealogical Register, New York Genealogical and Biographical Record, Magazine of American History, and New England Magazine.

The following donations to the society library were received: From Mr. Hamilton B. Tompkins, a volume of Besset's Travels in the United States in 1788; from Mr. Philips Gagnon, of Quebec, twenty volumes, including the first five volumes of the official edition of the Juge-mens et Délibérations de la Nouvelle-France; from Surgeon W. S. W. Rusehanor McNeil, director U. S. N., his "Accounts of the Institution and Progress of the College of Physicians of Philadelphia During a Hundred Years from January, 1737;" from Rev. Mr. Harvey, E. R. G. S., of St. John's, N. F., honorary member of the society, his "Short History of Newfoundland; England's Oldest Colony;" London and Glasgow, 1890, and from Miss Agnes Storer a copy of a newspaper printed in Chinese.

A Good Showing.

Last Sunday being the seventh anniversary of the division of St. Mary's R. C. parish in this city, Rev. Father Coyle took the opportunity to report upon the accomplishments during that period of St. Joseph's parish, which was established by the division. It was a very striking report, and contained that which must be very gratifying to all interested. A debt of \$22,500, with which last year was begun, has been reduced to \$13,000; and for the new and elegant parochial school building, the erection of which was begun last fall, \$22,145 has been subscribed without assessing the parishioners. The receipts for the past year reached \$35,614.10, and for the six years, \$115,045.32.

Natural History Society.

Last Monday evening Dr. Siegfried of the United States Navy gave an interesting lecture in the Museum, Tour street, on the "Study of Micro-organisms" illustrating his theme not only with excellent sketches on the blackboard, but with objects under the microscope. Many germs were thus exhibited; and their serious bearing on the health of the human race was fully explained. The Museum hall is a pleasant, bright room, well heated by a new furnace, and on the occasion referred to, it was crowded with a very attentive audience. It is now open daily from 10 till 2 o'clock, and on Saturdays until 5 o'clock, so as to give school teachers and their pupils, plenty of time to inspect the Natural History collections there.

The Unity Club.

Last Tuesday evening at the Changing parlors, the study of "Spain" was further advanced by a paper from Dr. Gillette on the "Kingdom of Granada," and by one from Dr. Siegfried on "Moorish Architecture." It was announced by the chairman that the Culture Committee had invited, and had obtained the consent of the Rev. Sninner W. Stevens, Pastor of the Second Baptist church, to give a public lecture before the Club on Tuesday, 3d of February. The subject will be announced in due time.

At the annual meeting of the stockholders of the Arctic Ice Company Wednesday afternoon, the following were chosen directors for the year ensuing: Lewis Brown, Lucius D. Davis, John Howard, Gardner B. Reynolds, Lewis L. Simmons, William O. Greene and Albert C. Landers. At a subsequent meeting of the directors Lucius D. Davis was re-elected president; John Howard, treasurer; and Gardner B. Reynolds, secretary. The auditors are William H. Hammett, T. T. Pittman, and Anna McLeod.

Mrs. Beisey Viall, widow of Mr. James R. Newton and mother of Mr. Dudley Newton, died at her residence on Division street, Tuesday morning, at the age of 71 years. She was a most estimable lady, and her funeral on Thursday was largely attended by mourning relatives and friends.

The officers-elect of Esther Lodge D. of R. were installed Wednesday evening, and after the work Mrs. J. J. Cary, who has filled the position of treasurer for many years, was presented with a handsome easy chair, Mrs. Duckworth making the presentation speech in behalf of the Lodge.

There will be a special meeting of the City Council next Tuesday evening to act upon the budget ordinance which the Finance committee expect to arrange to-night. It is also expected that the Mayor will make his appointment of a building inspector, as provided by the State law.

The second in the series of socials by the Knights of Sherwood Forest took place at Old Fellow's Hall Wednesday night, and was a very enjoyable affair.

A Mysterious Affair.

Mr. William Champion, foreman of Bowen's coal yard, made a startling discovery upon beginning his business duties Tuesday morning. The counting-room, or office, was found in utter confusion, hearing every evidence of having been burglarized and then set on fire. Account books and papers were scattered about the floor, a piece of cloth, which had been saturated with kerosene, was found partially buried, the ornament had been uncrowded from the front of the safe and an attempt made to force the door with a crowbar. Other evidences of attempt to fire the premises were found in and out of the office in the shape of burned matches and quantities of charred paper.

Following so closely upon the fire at Pinniger & Manchester's coal yard, last week, gave the matter a very serious look and for a time it created considerable excitement. The police made a careful examination of the premises and satisfied themselves that it was a very mysterious affair. The cloth which was saturated with kerosene, and which had been partially burned, was of very tight material, and after being set on fire would certainly have burned if it had been allowed to. When ignited under the direction of the police it burned like powder. The crowbar which was used in an ineffectual attempt to open the safe had been taken from an adjoining building that is always locked at night, with the key secreted near by. This door had been unlocked, and after the removal of the bar, re-locked and the key returned to its place. All of which shows that the work must have been done by some one entirely familiar with the premises. The horse had been bridled, but evidently not taken out of the stable.

It was certainly a peculiar "job," and just what could have been its object the police can't conceive, but they do not believe that the party really meant to set fire to the premises. The whole thing may have been a get up for a big scare.

About six o'clock Monday evening Officer Dunbar had his attention called to the wharf by the smell of smoke, but after reconnoitering could find no cause for the smell, and concluded that it must come from some neighboring chimney. Again about 11 o'clock he was attracted to the wharf by a noise like the shutting of a shutter, but he could discover nothing wrong.

One singular feature of the affair is the fact that each year for the past three or four years, similar depredations have been committed on this wharf, and always at about this time of year.

An Ice Time.

Our streets were in an exceedingly dangerous condition last Saturday and Sunday, a drizzling rain, at times no more than a heavy mist—forming a coating of glare ice on the sidewalks and roadbeds. Many persons fell and in several instances with very painful results. Mr. Gilbert Fowler sustaining a fracture of the thigh bone near the hip which it is feared will make him a permanent cripple.

The telephone and telegraph companies suffered great inconvenience and considerable loss from the heavy coatings of ice which had formed upon the wires, the additional weight causing many breaks; and in some instances bringing down both poles and wires. Linemen were kept on the alert throughout the day and night of Saturday. The arc street lights were not turned on until quite late in the evening, Chief Engineer Cozzens fearing the consequences from breaks with the full electrical current on the wires, but fortunately the weather softened, relieving the heavily burdened wires, in time to allow the lighting of the lamps before much inconvenience from darkness had been suffered. The chief also kept men at the department headquarters and at the several fire stations well into the night, until all danger had passed. The increased weight of the gasometer at the Newport Gas Works Saturday afternoon, caused by the ice collection upon its surface, was about seven tons.

The forty-fourth anniversary of the organization of the Central Baptist church Sunday school was very appropriately observed Monday evening with an entertainment at Old Fellow's Hall. The programme included vocal and instrumental music, a "chalk talk" by Boston cartoonist, and refreshments. The audience was large and the entertainment thoroughly enjoyed by all.

Ice cutting, which had been begun on Easton's pond, had to be abandoned about 2 o'clock Wednesday afternoon on account of the "soft" weather. The little ice harvested at this pond before the change in the weather is of excellent quality and of an average thickness of nearly eight inches.

At the request of Col. Honey, counsel for the Newport Improvement Association, the committee on Streets and Highways will give, probably next Saturday afternoon, a public hearing upon the petition of the Association for a change in the street car rails.

George Bancroft.

This distinguished historian, statesman and scholar died at his Washington residence last Saturday afternoon in the 91st year of his age, and an extended sketch of his long and eminently useful life will be found on the 24 page of this paper. His death was sudden and unexpected, terminating an illness of only two days. He enjoyed one of his usual walks on Pennsylvania avenue Wednesday afternoon, and when he took to his bed, the day following, he was thought to be suffering only from a cold, such as he had had for a few days every winter for a number of years. The funeral, which was a very simple affair, in accordance with the tastes of the deceased, was solemnized from St. John's church, Washington, Tuesday morning at 11 o'clock, and Wednesday morning the body was taken to Worcester, Mass., for interment beside that of Mrs. Bancroft, who died about four years ago.

Mr. Bancroft had long made his residence in Newport, where he spent about six months of each year. His home here is beautifully situated on the cliffs, overlooking Ochre and Rough points, and commanding an unobstructed view of the ocean. It is bounded on one side by John Knowler's summer residence and on the other by the Belmont place, but unlike its neighbors it does not extend to Bellevue avenue, being just sufficiently removed from that thoroughfare to be free from the "worldly and vicious." Here, in this beautiful spot Mr. Bancroft, when in Newport, used to spend many hours each day cultivating roses. Coming early, before the season had really opened, his garden was always perfection before those of his neighbors even showed signs of life. So famous did his place become for its marvellously beautiful roses that it was christened by common consent, "Rosa Cliff," and by that name was known all over the world. It was always open, too, to the public during the season, and very many people in taking the ocean drive, or the "cliff walk" would ask to be shown "Rosa Cliff," a request which any guide was willing and happy to grant.

Mr. Bancroft, it found in his garden, as he was generally, would talk with the strangers, and, if he found them in any way interested in rose culture, would explain the different varieties under his charge.

He was a very methodical man, devoting certain hours each pleasant day to literary work, certain hours to his garden, certain hours to horseback or carriage riding, and whatever he was engaged in had for the time being his undivided interest. Yet he was never too busy or too much engrossed to receive a visitor, though that visitor were a total stranger with no more important business than to "meet Mr. Bancroft."

This was the sort of life Mr. Bancroft used to lead from May to October each year, and he would often remain until November. He always planned to spend his birthday, which occurred Oct. 3, in Newport, and, of late years at least, society people have made a practice of wishing him "many happy returns" in person. Each caller would bring some token, usually some uniquely arranged floral piece, and his reception room on such an anniversary would be completely banked with the rarest and most beautiful flowers.

He abandoned horseback riding about two years ago, and that was about the first indication of his failing health, or that he was becoming an old man. When he first began to lessen his equestrian exercises, he said it was the fault of his horses and he changed animals two or three times in as many weeks, but finally gave up the saddle altogether. He then confined himself more closely to his roses and his literary work.

His life of President Polk occupied much of his interest at that time and he would spend hours each day dictating to his stenographer, and his principal exercise was walking back and forth along the cliffs in the company of an attendant. Last season he left before the middle of October, and his friends felt that he would never return. His mind had failed him very much, in fact had about gone so far as the present was concerned, though he remembered very distinctly incidents of a half century back. He was not allowed to go out at all last summer without an attendant, usually being accompanied on his drives by his daughter-in-law, Mrs. J. C. Bancroft. He still took an interest in these little outings, as was noticed by the drives which he would select, always preferring those thoroughfares which were less frequented by the more elegant equipages of fashion.

He always took a deep interest in Newport and did much to make the place what it is, in his quiet way, though he never entered into any of the controversies between the permanent and temporary residents. He was liberal with his money, and on any important local occasion, like the dedication of the Perry statue or the reunion of the Sons and Daughters of Newport, he was ready to take a personal part in making it a success. On the first named occasion he attended the exercises and

at the banquet made a telling speech upon the American navy, past and present.

Everybody knew Mr. Bancroft, and everybody esteemed it an honor to know him. No one else ever resided here, either permanently or temporarily, who was more universally esteemed than he. Unlike most great men who come to Newport he has never been mentioned except with respect by any one who has been brought in contact with him.

Mr. Bancroft leaves a son, Mr. John C. Bancroft, and four grandchildren, one of whom is Mrs. Charles Carroll, of Baltimore. The son and his family have made their home with the deceased for the past two or three years.

Mr. W. W. Sampson, of this city, for many years a conductor on the Old Colony road between Newport and Boston, has been promoted, and put in charge of the Providence, Warren and Bristol Division of the Old Colony road, with headquarters in Providence, and he entered upon his new duties last Monday.

Mr. Sampson's long experience in the railroad business and his wide acquaintance with the wants of the traveling public specially fit him for the position, and his appointment is a merited compliment for long and valuable service.

Mr. Thor. Millington, a native of Newport and a veteran of the late war, died at his residence in Coddington street Wednesday morning after a painful illness of several weeks' duration. He was a member of Charles E. Lawton Post, G. A. R., and a man highly esteemed by all who knew him. His funeral yesterday afternoon was attended by C. E. Lawton Post and Gen. A. G. Lawrence Camp, S. of V.

Surrogate Ransom, of New York, has decided that the marriage of Eva L. Hamilton to Robert Ray Hamilton was void and that Eva is still the wife of Joshua J. Mann. Mr. Robert Ray Hamilton, it will be remembered, was a brother of Mr. Schuyler Hamilton, Jr., one of our cottage owners, and that he lost his life on his western ranch several months ago.

Mr. James E. Stevens, a carriage manufacturer on Sherman street, died at his residence on Coddington street Wednesday afternoon, in the 26th year of his age. He was a member of R. F. Aquidneck Encampment, No. 5, Corinthian Council, R. A., Newport Associates, N. M. R. A., and of fire company No. 4.

Daniel Barry was brought in from Middletown Thursday and arraigned before Judge Baker on a charge of assault with a dangerous weapon—viz., a pitchfork—upon a Portuguese named Sylvia. He pleaded not guilty and was released on bail.

Paymaster I. Goodwin Hobbs, U. S. N., has been ordered to United States cruiser Boston, which is being repaired at the New York navy yard preparatory to joining the squadron of evolution in the Gulf of Mexico.

News has been received here of the death in San Francisco of the only child of Mr. Stephen Potter and granddaughter of Capt. John R. Potter, formerly of Newport.

The Continental Steamboat Company has decided to replank and otherwise repair and improve the south side of Commercial wharf, their terminus in this city.

Two cases of diphtheria have been reported this week from 12 Prison street, children of Ella Wilson. One proved fatal, and the other is being treated at the Hospital.

Mr. Guy Norman, a son of Mr. Geo. H. Norman, of this city, has been made station agent on the New York and New England R. R., at Willimantic, Conn.

The Newport Charity Organization Society will hold its annual meeting next Monday afternoon at the office in the Rhode Island Bank building.

Officer Crowley, of the police force, has been detailed to do special duty in which he will not be required to wear the regulation uniform.

Newport was visited by an exceptionally heavy rainfall Thursday and considerable damage in the way of wash-outs have been reported.

Medical Society Election.

The Newport Medical Society held its annual meeting Tuesday and elected the following officers for the ensuing year.

President—F. H. Rankin.
Vice President—C. F. Baker.
Secretary—M. E. Hall.
Treasurer—H. E. Ford.
Librarian—W. S. Brown.
Clerk—J. A. Kneale.

Y. M. C. A. Officers.

The recently elected Board of Directors of the Young Men's Christian Association met Monday afternoon and organized by the selection of the following officers:

President—T. Mansford Seabury.
Vice Presidents—Agnes McLeod, Charles R. Thurston.
Recording Secretary—J. D. Richardson, Jr.
Treasurer—A. Bert R. Sherman.
Auditor—Erasmus P. Allen.

CLEANINGS FROM HISTORY.

Presented by James C. Scan.

Loyalists of the Revolution.

Stephen Delancey, of New York, Lieutenant-Colonel Commandant of the first Battalion of New Jersey Volunteers. In 1765 was appointed clerk of the city and county of Albany. The King's birthday in 1776, "was ushered in with firing of guns, and other rejoicings not agreeable to the inhabitants, and in the evening a party assembled to do honor to the day with Albert and C. Cuyler, the Mayor, at their head, and were found carousing and singing 'God save the King.' The citizens became exasperated, united in, and seized Stephen Delancey and others, and carried them off to jail, whence they were shortly afterwards removed to Hartford, Connecticut."

Earl of Dunmore, last Royal Governor of Virginia. He succeeded to the post in 1771, was appointed Governor of New York in 1772; assumed the Executive chair of Virginia in 1772, and administered the government until the popular party compelled him to seek safety on board of a ship-of-war. He soon collected a number of vessels, and was joined by many Loyalists who had become obnoxious, and who, from necessity or fear, abandoned their homes. Washington said, December 1776, "I do not think that forcing his lordship on shipboard, in summer, his nobility less than driving him of life or liberty will secure peace to Virginia, as motives of resentment actuate his conduct to a degree equal to the total destruction of that colony."

Lord Dunmore, with his fleet of fugitives, continued on the coast and rivers of Virginia for a part of the year 1776; and as every place was now strictly guarded, these unhappy people, who had put themselves under his protection, underwent great distress. The heat of the weather, the badness and scarcity of water and provisions, with the closeness and filth of the small vessels in which they were crowded, by degrees produced that malignant distemper which is known by the name of the jail or pestilential fever. This dreadful disorder practically swept the Negroes, most of whom it affected away. After various adventures, in which they were driven from place to place, and from New York to Island, to Virginia, several of the vessels were driven on shore in a gale of wind, and the wretched fugitives became captives to their own countrymen. At length, every place being shut against the remainder, and neither water nor provisions to be obtained, even at the expense of blood, it was found necessary, towards the beginning of August, 1776, to burn the smaller vessels, and to send the remainder, amounting to between forty and fifty sail, to seek shelter in the bay, and to seek shelter in Florida, Bermuda, and the West Indies. In this manner, out of the hopes entertained by the employment of Negroes to suppress the rebellion in the Southern colonies. This measure tended infinitely to inflame the discontents in those colonies, without adding anything to the strength of the Royal arms.

He is represented as both needy and greedy: "To get money was the rule of action which included his whole administration." In 1779 his name appears in the Confiscation act of New York. He was appointed Governor of the Bermudas in 1784. He died in England in 1802.

Stephen Edwards, of New Jersey. An amiable young man, who joined the adherents to the Crown at New York, near the close of the war. Sent by Colonel Taylor of a Loyalist corps, to the Monmouth county to ascertain if Whigs force there, he was arrested at midnight, in his father's house, in bed with his wife, by a party under Jonathan Furman, a Whig captain of horse, taken to Freehold, tried as a spy by a court-martial, and two days afterwards executed. His father and mother arrived in town the morning of his death to enquire into his situation; and returned home with his corpse. The Furman and Edwards families had been on terms of intimate friendship.

Andrew Elliot, of New York. He was collector of the customs for the port of New York, from about the year 1764 until the Revolution, and performed his official duties in a manner highly satisfactory. His first difficulty with the people of a serious nature occurred in 1774, when he seized some fire-arms, and was threatened with a visit from the "Mohawks and Liver Indians," or in other words, with a coat of tar and feathers. After the Royal army took possession of New York, he continued to perform his duties as collector, and during the war held various important offices. In 1782 he was not only at the head of the customs, but was Lieutenant Governor, Receiver General of Quittrents, Superintendent General of police and chief of the superintendent department, established by Sir William Howe in 1777. And when, in 1781, Sir Henry Clinton made his last effort to save New York, Mr. Elliot was one of the persons who were sent to confer with Washington. Mr. Elliot's estate in New York was confiscated; and the executive council of Pennsylvania, to reach property possessed by him in that state, ordered by proclamation, that on his failing to appear within a specified time, to take his trial on the charge of treason, he should stand attainted.

His family sailed for England in the Somerset, of 61 guns, June, 1782, and his furniture was sold at auction in September of that year, at his house in Bowery Lane.

John Erving of Boston. He was one of the most eminent merchants in America, and a member of the Council of Massachusetts for twenty years. The

Captain—Elliot. Noted for his revereing disposition and infamous deeds. In the documents of the time, McKee, Elliot, and Simon Girty, are mentioned together, and as forming a trio of triumvirate. The three were imprisoned by the Whigs at Pittsburgh, but made their escape, and in 1783 traversed the country to enlist the savages against the Rebels. The effects of their councils were long felt and deplored. After the Revolution, and during the Indian troubles of Washington's administration, Elliot's hostile feelings towards the country which he had abandoned, were sufficiently manifest to deserve universal and lasting detestation. He was dismissed from the British colonial service about the year 1801, without trial.

John Erving of Boston. He was one of the most eminent merchants in America, and a member of the Council of Massachusetts for twenty years. The

Hon. Robert C. Winthrop, his great-grandson, in a public address delivered in 1845, thus refers to him: "A few dollars earned on a Commencement Day, by ferrying passengers over Charles River when there was no bridge—shipped to London in the shape of fish, and from thence brought home to be rechristened in fish, and to be rechristened upon the same triangular circuit of trade—laid the foundations of the largest fortune of the day a hundred years ago." Mr. Erving died in Boston in 1786, aged ninety-three.

John Erving, Jr., of Boston. He graduated at Harvard University in 1747. In 1750 he signed the Boston memorial, and was thus one of the fifty-eight who were the first men in America to array themselves against the despotic measures of the Crown. In 1774 he was an Addresser of Hutchinson, and the same year was appointed a mandamus councilor. In 1776 he fled to Halifax, and went thence to England. In 1778 he was proscribed and banished; and in 1779 his property was confiscated under the Conspiracy Act. He died at Bath, England, in 1810, aged eighty-nine years. His wife, Maria (Catherine), (youngest daughter of Governor Shirley) with whom he lived nearly sixty years, died a few months before him.

Jack Fagan, of Morcombury county, New Jersey. One of the "Pine Robbers." These miscreants plundered wherever they could, and changed sides as often as interest dictated. Jack, after a career of crime, was shot in 1778, by a party of Whigs, who lay in ambush. After his body was buried, it was discovered, enveloped in a tarred cloth, and suspended in chains with iron bands around it, until the birds of prey picked the flesh from its bones, and the skeleton fell to the ground in pieces.

[To be continued.]

CITY BRIEFS.

Jottings of Newport and Newporters.

Mr. George A. Weaver is in Chicago.

Mr. George N. Lineham has returned from his visit to England.

Mr. E. W. Gould of New York, has been in town this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. C. Mason are visiting their son in Philadelphia.

Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Burton, of New York, have been at Hartmann's this week.

Mr. Geo. A. Littlefield, principal of the State Normal school, was in town Monday.

Mr. E. H. Sehermerhorn is confined to his residence on Narragansett avenue by serious illness.

The Y. W. C. T. U. has been granted permission to hold weekly religious services at Fort Adams.

Prince Galitzine, who spent last season in Newport, has been a guest at Muenchinger's this week.

Beginning next Monday the public schools will begin their afternoon sessions at 2 o'clock instead of 1:30 as at present.

Work upon St. Joseph's new parochial school is now progressing finely. This is to be one of the finest buildings in Newport.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Ruthven Pratt, of New York, who own a cottage on Bellevue avenue, have been at Hartmann's this week.

A very enjoyable entertainment was given by St. John's Guild Tuesday evening, under the direction of Miss Caroline Newman.

Torpedo boat Cushing, Lieut. Winslow, commanding, spent Wednesday and Wednesday night in the harbor, sailing Thursday for New York.

The fair given at Masonic Hall this week by Chas. E. Lawton Post, G. A. R., has not been a financial success. The attendance has been small.

Mr. Edward Coen, son of Mr. T. V. Coen, of this city, has been appointed singing master at the naval training station vice Mr. Fred A. Daniels.

Mrs. Edward Gray, of 85 Polham street, reached her 100th birthday, Sunday. She is in her usual good health and has received many callers during the past week.

Messrs. Whipple & Derby have rented for the heirs of the late Mrs. Hollis Munroe, their cottage on the Cliffs, to W. K. Vanderbilt, Esq., for the summer of 1891.

Mrs. George Beegan will go to Chicopee Falls, Mass., next week to visit a brother who she has not seen for 25 years, and who is now at the point of death from consumption.

Lieut. Casey's Lineage.

MORRISTOWN, N. J., Jan. 19, 1891.

Editor of the Newport Mercury:

In your paper of the 17th inst., under heading of "Rhode Island Soldier killed by Indians," your explanatory note needs some correction. Lieut. F. W. Casey was the grandson of the late Hon. Daniel J. Reade, of Newport. He was the youngest son of the late Gen. Silas Casey, U. S. A., who married Abby Pearce. His old home was never in North Kingstown, though he is buried there with his parents. He was born in California. His brothers now living are Gen. Thomas L. Casey, chief of engineers of the U. S. Army, and Capt. Silas Casey, U. S. N., commander of the new cruiser, Newark. He was a brave and promising officer. His Newport lineage should quickly be set straight, and ultimately a death.

W. E. BA.

BY FRANK M. HOWES.

The painter smiled a little. Lady Weybridge glanced at friend without turning her head. "You are such a believer in the Aemy, Clara," she said; "I wonder many times you've been there this year. You know, Mr. Mallett, Mrs. Pagan's great treat, her great relaxation from the cares of the day, is to go to the Academy. I don't think she ever past the room where there hangs a pain portrait which you painted year."

"I know I don't send the elder I like to stop near that picture and to what people says. There's all a crowd in front of it, and every corner says: 'That's the beautiful Weybridge; painted by Walter Ma the great artist, and then they all with all their might. The new wire the face and the hair, and ladies the dress. They all admire painting, though some times their ments are too positively funny, nearly always look out your ad Mr. Mallett, at the end of the catas as if they meant to come and ask to paint them; and then I can body says: 'Mallett—Mallett—of you remember his "Annoyed." It is great fun listening to them; only any you two can't hear what say out you."

"Such is me," said the artist.

"Lady Weybridge's beautiful costume procured me the admiration of my country, or at least, of my countrywomen."

"Oh," broke out Mrs. Penzang, enthusiastically, "you are sure of future fame—generations to come will linger round your canvases and wonder at your skill!"

"But suppose I am using bad pigments?" said the artist.

The lady paid no attention to the interruption. She went on with growing rapture: "I assure you, I often think of how you two will go down to posterity, and be handed on as it were—The beautiful Lady and the great artist! Your names will be linked together, like Titian's and—um—"

"Popo Julius!" suggested the artist.

"No, I don't mean the Popo," said the other. "I can't think of her name; there's a poem of Browning's about it, I think."

Lady Weybridge looked a little annoyed.

"I am afraid your admiration is running wild, Clara," she said.

For a long silence ensued, the artist working diligently all the time. At last Mrs. Penzang rose, and with a little grasp of astonishment said: "Oh, dear Helen, do you mind my leaving you a little time? I wrote last night to my sister in New York and I have forgotten to post the letter. If I think the mail goes out at midday, I won't take me long to go and come in a hauss; and I do want to get the letter off."

Mrs. Penzang didn't appear to expect a reply, for she went straight out. At the door of the studio she glanced back for half a second on the two who were leaving behind.

"It's awfully lame excuse," she said to herself; "but I am not good at invention. I think I am doing right; and when I come back I expect they'll both be grateful to me."

The painter took no notice of her going, but worked on in the same steady way, and the lady, a practiced sifter, remained perfectly cool in the graceful pose in which she was being painted.

Lady Weybridge had never looked lovelier; she was in evening dress, and in the heavy masses of her dark hair diamonds shone. Her neck and arms were bare, and the noble poise of her head gave dignity to the full beauty of her gracious curves. She was radiantly lovely—beyond all pretences—imperially and perfectly beautiful. The artist, too, was strikingly handsome. He was about forty-two years of age, tall and with clear-cut features. His plentiful black hair was sprinkled with gray; his eyes were dark, the lines of his mouth suggested a sad and serious firmness. One would have said that he seldom smiled.

For some time neither spoke; at last the lady, whose thoughts were becoming troublesome, moved a little, and said in her clear fluted voice, "Do you think the picture will be a success?"

"If it isn't, Lady Weybridge," the painter replied, "I don't think it will be; but I don't think there will be any failure. If it goes into the Academy next year, I dare say Mrs. Penzang will be gratified by the usual crowd."

"But do you think you will please yourself?"

"I never please myself, Lady Weybridge; that is, never quite please myself."

"You're always being dissatisfied with your portraits of me, I know," returned the lady, after a few moments' reflection. "But I think they are only too good; and so does everybody else. I don't mind confessing that I read all the criticisms."

The painter did not reply, and after a little while Lady Weybridge continued: "You have painted me a good many times, haven't you?"

"Several times. I hope you are not going to be tired of sitting to me?"

"Oh, no, I rather like it, sitting quite still is soothing to the nerves—and hair nerves you know. But perhaps I do come here a little too often. Has that annoyed you?"

"Never," replied the painter emphatically.

"There is a paragraph in that paper, Lady Weybridge, said Mr. Mallett, working diligently. "I never read these society journals and don't care at all what they say. It is their business to get up false reports for the amusement of the public, and one more or less does no matter to anybody. I suppose anybody who chooses to think," he continued after a little, "can see why I am always glad to paint you."

"Indeed?"

"It is simply because you are the most beautiful woman in the world."

"The compliment is a little too unduly guided."

"It is not a compliment; it is a statement of fact, absolutely true to the best of my knowledge. I have only seen one person who could enter the lists against you."

"And who was she?"

"She sat to me for my 'Andromeda'."

Lady Weybridge frowned passing disapprobation.

"A model!" she exclaimed.

"Yes, but a very good girl—a model of propriety, if you will excuse the feeble joke. She is now married to a highly respectable cheesemonger in the City."

"And she doesn't sit for the figure any more?"

"I regret to say that her husband won't allow her to sit at all; he is a deacon of some chapel, and has Puritanical notions."

"How dreadful!"

"Yes, the Philistinism of the English bourgeoisie is deplorable."

"I sympathize with your distress, but, to come back to the original subject, you seem to forget that, though I am a painter, I am not a saint. I have a right, you know, to be a little vain."

The artist did not reply, and again silence reigned. Again the lady broke out:

"You are an indefatigable worker, Mr. Mallett. But I want a little rest. I am tired of trying to look graceful. Let me give up attitudes for a time. Take me round your studio, and show me what you have."

"That is a new," the painter said. "I don't like fatigue; you are fresh-thin but still while you walk about the studio—or, sit in a more comfortable chair. Perhaps you would like to look at the paper your friend has left."

Lady Weybridge took the journal from his hands, but did not read. She was watching the painter closely. Her cheek was flushed; she moved restlessly in the chair; her whole manner indicated restlessness, which contrasted with the calm dignity of her handsome face. "Do you know that you are here?" said Mr. Mallett, to leave me to my own resources like this?"

"Doesn't the Weekly Globe interest you?" said the painter laying down the palette. "Shall I get you a cup of tea?"

"Tea," said the lady, with ironic emphasis. "No, thank you; women do not try to escape each by drinking something. But you may sit down on the floor and talk."

"Why was I just thinking," said the lady.
 "How long it is since I met you first. It
 was at Dr. Murby's, I think."
 He started slightly, and then said
 slowly, examining a spot of paint on his
 velvet coat: "I believe it was; it was
 nearly ten years ago."
 "Ten years," said she, with a sigh—
 "how time flies! We are quite old
 friends, are we not? Then it was before
 Clara Murby was married, wasn't it?"
 "Yes," said he, "who became the
 Hon. Mrs. Montclair about a year after
 I met you first."
 "You have an excellent memory, Mr.
 Mallett."
 "Have I?" he said abruptly.
 And again the conversation flagged.
 "Are you ready to sit again?" said
 the painter.
 "No," replied Lady Weybridge, im-
 patiently tapping the ground with her
 foot. "No, I am not ready yet; I want
 to ask you something first. Why is it
 that—"
 She hesitated—her cheek flushed a
 deeper red, a forced smile strayed upon
 her lips.
 "Why is it that you are so—so un-
 friendly?"
 "Unfriendly?" said the painter. "I
 don't understand you, Lady Wey-
 bridge."
 His tone was indifferent—he seemed
 to be fixing his attention on the paint
 spot.
 "Why do you avoid me, then?" she
 continued. "Why don't you come to
 see me? Why do you refuse my invita-
 tions?"
 "I rarely go into society," he said,
 "and I dined with you not long since."
 "More than a month ago," she re-
 plied quickly. "Are you aware that
 there are men who would do anything
 to get one of those invitations that you
 reject so easily?"
 "I have the privilege of seeing you
 hourly, Lady Weybridge," he replied
 coldly.
 She flashed an indignant look at him,
 and broke out vehemently:
 "Yes, here, where you have a brush
 in your hand, you are glad to see me,
 you like painting me, I know. You
 admire the turn of my neck, I suppose;
 or perhaps the way my hair is done
 pleases you. I am in your eyes just a
 model, a substitute for the chessman-
 ger's wife. As to my thoughts, my
 strength, my feelings, you don't care a
 fig about them. I am just a frivo-
 lous creature, the world to you—just
 that, and nothing more. All I am good
 for is to have my portrait painted." She
 spoke rapidly, with mounting
 tones.
 The artist had turned away and did
 not look at her as he replied, slowly:
 "Lady Weybridge, you are a great
 lady, and very beautiful; wherever you
 go you get admiration, flattery, and
 what passes for love with the men and
 women of the world. And those who
 think about you are noble, rich, young,
 and there are all your devoted admirers,
 your obedient vassals and slaves. The
 cream and flower of English society is
 at your feet. What more would you
 have? As for me, I am a plebeian.
 What have I to do with Marquises and
 Viscounts? And I don't choose to
 make one more in the menagerie of
 your captive animals."
 When Lady Weybridge spoke again,
 it was in low, tremulous tones:
 "Come then," she said, "and see me,
 and you will not be troubled by any
 of these silly people. Everything shall be
 as you like, if you will come. You
 think I am a woman of the world—cold,
 frivolous and heartless. Ah, how little
 you know me! It is horrible to be mis-
 judged like that!" she went on with
 sudden vehemence—"misunderstood;
 it is cruel, horrible, abominable. To be
 misunderstood by one that I—"
 Her beautiful bosom heaved convul-
 sively—a sob checked her voice. It was
 but for a moment; she soon regained
 herself, smiled faintly, and held
 out her hand.
 The painter did not take it; he had
 turned round, and stood facing her,
 looking at her fiercely, almost fiercely.
 "Lady Weybridge," he said, "let me
 remind you of what you seem to have
 forgotten. You spoke of Dr. Murby
 just now; do you remember his daugh-
 ter, his only child, Edith, who is now
 the Hon. Mrs. Montclair? Do you re-
 member the house in Brook street
 where you saw her first? I was a con-
 stant visitor, and I think not unwell-
 come. I was then your kinsman, in the
 Fitzroy Square place of my artistic
 career. I was ambitious, and hoped;
 but I had only hope. The share of
 fame I had now hadn't even begun to
 descend upon me. But I think Dr.
 Murby believed in me, and his daughter
 believed in me, too; and I came to their
 house again and again."
 "I saw Edith constantly; we talked
 together, read the same books and
 shared our ideas. I admired her,
 and she admired me. As you like, I
 can love who love for the first time,
 when youth is past; and she—she liked
 me, was glad to see me, and learned to
 love me, I think. I remember once—
 ah, she would have loved me, I am
 sure, if you had not come between us."
 "You had not been married long
 then; you had come from your Devon-
 shire—to dazzle society with your bril-
 liant beauty. The Murby's were some
 connections of yours, and they were
 pleased to have you, and I, in the
 midst of your notice, to grant you
 took Edith up. The first time I saw
 you in the drawing-room at Brook
 street I felt that you would come be-
 tween me and her. And you did."
 "Edith was simple, unaffected and
 unworldly; but what woman is there in
 whose heart there does not lurk some
 secret craving for the glitter and glare
 of social vanities? You filled her mind
 with your ideas, taught her to expect a
 brilliant marriage, such as you your-
 self perfectly. She was pratty, not
 badly educated, like you, but still
 undeniably pretty—some one like her
 would drop kind of beauty—and she
 would be rich, why shouldn't she climb
 to some pinnacle of social position?
 And you taught her to distrust me—
 almost to despise me. Oh, I knew very
 well the innuendoes you dropped, what
 unadvised savers you let fall—know
 them as well as if I had heard them
 spoken."
 "There are lots of clever artists, my
 dear, or of artists who think themselves
 clever, and a man who at thirty-five
 has been married for twenty years."
 "And so I found my welcome growing
 colder, her smile as the saw me less
 cordial. It was soon all over; I had
 nothing to offer but my deep love, and
 you had taught her to laugh at love."
 "The time came when I felt that we
 were forever separated. I did not
 make any protestations or complaints
 there was no use—only one evening
 as I left the house, I told myself that
 must never return. I looked up at the
 moonlight I had spent so many hap-
 py moments and felt that that was
 all over; that I should never enter their
 doors again. Everything in that draw-
 ing-room—the tables, the chairs, the
 piano, where the piano stood, the pic-
 tures on the walls—every little detail in-
 fixed in my memory forever. But
 have never been there since, never seen
 her sister, or sought to see her."
 "It was your doing, I suppose, that
 you no longer saw her married the other
 day."

Augustus Montclair, who will be a
father, his mother has finished
her husband's funeral, and I sup-
pose you were away when, about three
months after the wedding, the two you
I brought together separated finally.
I saw the affair in the papers—not
a society paper, you understand.
The Hon. Augustus hadn't beaten his
wife, or sworn at her in public, and so
he couldn't be set free from him alto-
gether. But he went off to shoot deer
in America. I was told that the girl
he used to sing the Cockney comical
songs went with him. That is what
I could hear of her.

"I met one Lady Weybridge, for
—you blighted my whole life. When
—lost Edith Murchy I lost all happiness,
I hope of it had loved once, I
could never love again. I have gained
and I can sell my pictures for ex-
travagant sums, and everybody thinks
a successful man. But I shall al-
ways be alone. I see the path of my
stretching out before me, lonely
and solitary. I shall travel along it
—accompanied to the end. And all this
is a time when I hated you with all
my heart and soul—when, if I could
have blighted your beauty and made
your life as desolate as mine is, I would
have done it.

"That time is past, I hate you no
longer. I know that you can say that
I acted for the best—that you did
not think anybody else would have done
under the circumstances, and I do not
complain of my lot in life. The man
who can work can do without happi-
ness. Yet when you offered me your
—esteem, your friendship—

"He made a long pause. The impres-
sioned speech he had made had been
interrupted by several intervals of elu-
sion, during which he had peered about
the studio, and then had broken forth
more fervently than before. Now he
looked still and gazed at the beautiful
woman before him. Her mournful,
dead look stirred other feelings, and
with a sudden revulsion of sentiment
he said:

"Ah, let us be friends, notwithstand-
—ing—friends always."

"He took her hand and raised it to his
lips.

"I will come whenever you ask me,
—any Weybridge. Pardon my wild
—words."

"She let him hold her hand for a few
moments, while she looked on her with
broken, troubled glances. Then, with
no swift look at him, she said com-
—passionately:

"I am ready to resume the sitting
—Mrs. Mallet."

Mrs. Pennyngton's voice was heard in
interaction with a cabman. She came
briskly, put on her spectacles and
proceeded to examine the picture.

"I can see what you have done," she
—said; "you've been very busy while
—I've been away."

And she glanced from one to the
—other. Soon she broke out into a flood
of small talk, while all the time the
—recurrent of her thoughts was run-
—ning like this:

"Wonder how things have turned
—out. She is in love with him because
—he is the only man she knows, who is
not her devoted slave. Will he care for
—her? Can he help it? I hope so. I
—don't want to be angry with me for going away;
—meant it for the best."

Lady Weybridge's clear, fluted voice
interrupted her reflections and the re-
—marks she was making to the painter.

"I think," she said, "you hear to the
—arrangement. Are you ready to go,
—Mallet? I am a little engaged. And, do
—you know, Mr. Mallet tells me he
—won't be able to give me any more sit-
—tings for at least a fortnight. I suppose
—he's off on one of his wild expeditions
—going to walk over the Alps, or some-
—thing of that sort."

Mrs. Pennyngton looked at her friend;
—she was throwing a cloak over her
—shoulders; the painter was making a
—show of assistance.

"I will take you to the carriage and
—handed to Mrs. Pennyngton the Weekly
—Globe, then he went back and gave a
—few touches to the picture.

"Shall I ever finish it," he thought.
—"What does she mean?"

He became meditative.

"She is right," he said; "a week in
—the Alps to think things over will do
—me good."

It was exactly a fortnight when Mr.
—Mallet got back to his studio. He turned
—to the half-finished portrait of Lady
—Weybridge, and then, gazing at it for
—some time, lost in thought:

"How supremely beautiful she is!" he
—murmured. "And I—I was a brute.
—Why should I take up the dead past?
—Will she ever give me another sitting,
—I wonder? And if she does—"

His servant brought in the letters
—which had come during his absence.
There were not very many; on the en-
—velope of one he recognized the hand-
—writing of Lady Weybridge. He tore it
—open hastily.

"Dear Mr. Mallet," it said, "I am
—writing to tell you a secret and to give
—you an invitation. The secret first. I
—am going to be married to the Marquis
—of Erecham. The engagement is to be
—kept strictly private for some time, and
—I tell you of it as a pledge of the friend-
—ship which is, I hope, always to subsist
—between us. I mustn't prying my fu-
—ture husband, but I may say that I
—think you will like him when you come
—to know him; and you will not find
—him such a Philistine as the chattering
—mouger, or some of the aristocracy. Will
—you dine with me on the 10th of
—July? You won't find any of the an-
—imals of my menagerie—only one mar-
—quis and no viscount. But Mrs. Mont-
—clair will be there and she will be very
—glad to see you after so many years."

He read the letter through twice, and
—then became aware of the postscript:

"As you never read the society pa-
—pers, you may not be aware that the
—Hon. Augustus Montclair has been dead
—for more than two years. He got into
—a quarrel in Texas or Arizona, or
—some of those places, and was shot."

A long time passed, and Mr. Mallet
—was still meditating upon that letter;
—the others he had not even looked at.
Then he roused himself and wrote a
—hasty acceptance.

"Oh," he said to himself, "some wo-
—men can forgive. But the 10th of July
—is eight days off; Lady Weybridge tem-
—pers her mercy with justice. Eight
—days to wait!" —[Cornhill Magazine.]

High Priced Metals.

Concerned with some of the metals,
—gold is a very commodity. It is worth
—\$200 a pound, more or less. Silver is worth
—\$130, and silver about \$12. Nickel is
—quoted at 60 cents per pound, and
—aluminum at \$1. If some of the above
—figures seem high, what will we say
—when told that barium is quoted at \$250
—per ton, and calcium at \$1,500? But
—cerium is more costly still, being
—sold at \$10 for less than \$200 per ounce.
Chromium brings the same and dysiden-
—ium, but a fraction less, being worth
—\$1,500 per pound in any market in the
—world. It is said that the combined
—wealth of the world is worth \$100,000,000,
—and that the pure gold that could be
—obtained from all the gold in the world
—amounts to only 100,000 pounds. A
—wonderful amount of gold that is not
—being worth \$1,500 per ounce.

Energy will do nothing that can be done in
—the world, and no matter how far the
—appetite will make a man without it.

Rheumatic Gout in the

Concerning Flats.

Now Troy is now a city of flats. Once upon a time it was a city of farms. It was hardly thought to be the style to live in such a manner, but now almost everybody lives in flats, and even the farmers form a large element in this class of tenants. Of course, the flats occupy are very elegant, and a great many of that kind will rent from \$1,200 to \$1,800 a year. Flat renting has some peculiar features—for instance, there are many who live flats on speculation and then sublet them at a profit. In this manner make a good living. In this class is a smart woman who owned a large number of very fine flats on which she makes a large profit. She took them early, and now so many families are coming in from the country that her flats are wanted at a handsome advance. In this way a new field of speculation is opened. The janitor is becoming an important character for every apartment building must have one, and the number of janitors in this city is estimated at 3,000 or 4,000. The janitor has his rooms and usually his coat and gun (unless he were there for his would probably steal them), and to this is added a salary of \$50 to \$80 a month. Hence employment is eagerly sought, and thus far there has been no strike among the janitors. —[N. Y. Corr. Troy Times.]

The Dogs of Sylla.

Mr. Burton gives some curious facts about the dogs in Syria and other Eastern countries. Dogs exist there by hundreds and thousands, without owners or care, and are a kind of community themselves. Each one belongs to a particular quarter of the city, and is allowed to live elsewhere. She treats them kindly and feed them, and the inhabitants beat and stone them, and in gratitude they undertook to escort her and defend her from harm. When she went out to walk a dog always met her, as if appointed by the whole community, accompanied her to the border of the boundary, and escorted her over to one belonging to another quarter, who did the same thing in return. Each dog wagged his tail, and said a friendly goodbye, when his work was done. She says, also, that she has often in the quiet night, heard a dog bark in barking from the foot of the mountains. Meeting the dogs on the other side of the village, there would be a fight for a few minutes, then a general barking in concert; then one dog would lead for the middle of the village, with similar result there; then a single dog again for the further side of the village, followed by a general barking. "Whatever the canine news is," she says, "in about twenty minutes it is passed round to all the dogs in Damascus."

Local Fids in the Northwest.

Senator Frya stepped in to shake hands with the club a few evenings ago. In a conversation naturally turned on one industry, whereat the Senator, who is the Prince of story-tellers, remarked:

"I was in Washington at Spokane last year, and was entertained by one of the local boomers. He was a patriarchal old fellow with a long white beard, who looked like a dacoen, and was worth five or six million dollars. He took me out to drive behind a pair of horses, and showed me the mine. One of the objects that attracted my attention was a very long building—a tremendous affair, one of the largest buildings I ever saw in my life. 'How many gambling games do you suppose there are in that building?' asked my friend, the patriarch. 'Give it up,' said I. 'Thirty-nine of 'em,' said he, in a triumphant tone. 'Gracious!' said I. 'And how many are there?' 'Thirty-nine.' 'Now, look here, my friend,' said I, 'you must destroy that thing, or it will destroy you.' 'What do you mean?' he demanded. 'Mean? I mean that you ought to have it out of town.' 'Good God, Senator,' said he, 'if we see it, Tacoma'll get it!' —[Lawiston Herald.]

Shoe Blacking And Cold Feet.

"When the leather in your shoes becomes old and hardmet with blacking, you will ascertain that the feet will be cold," remarked the old time shoe seller. "Then it is time to cast aside the old shoes and use them to wear beneath the feet or for some other purpose. I have seen it referred to many times, but you want to keep your shoes in good condition you should use vasoline on them often. The life will be kept in the leather, and, if rightly applied, you will shine the footwear just as well as if the preparation had never been used, and that it can at night when taking off the shoes. There is castor and like oil, also, that will as well serve the purpose, and keep your shoes and boots in good shape, imparting much greater warmth to the feet than if you allow blacking and the like to eat up all the life in the leather. When blacking commences to take on the shoes, wash them with plain water, on soap, —[Shoe and Leather Notes.]

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[illegible]

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Furnace Coal
ASH COAL.
WHITE ASH COAL,
World for family use.

BROTHERS,
FREET.
for Kindlings,
Old Company's Lehigh Coal for
fire blacksmiths, etc.

Manchester
341 THAMES STREET.

L!
NOLDS & Co.
OFFICE,
of
TEAM COAL
and.
SOUTHERN PINE WOOD
delivered.

MARKET,
Post Office.
Proprietor.

Poultry, Game,
and everything for a First-Class To
Responsible Men. Goods promptly de-
livered. Connected by Telephone.

Christmas Gifts
and in Fancy Chairs and Rockers.
Look them over.

HILL,
& 402 Thames Street

Furniture.

STAFFORD BRYER,
DEALER IN
FURNITURE, WALL PAPER AND HOUSE-
HOLD DECORATIONS.
Gold Wall Papers
New Patterns, 10c. a roll.

156 Thames Street.

HAZARD & HORTON,
42 CHURCH ST.

Have a nice line of

Polished Top Tables from \$1.50 up.

Also a nice line of

Bookcases, Chamber Suits, Parlor Tables,
Screens and Chairs.Our prices are as low as the lowest. Call and
examine our stock.Furniture and Crochery Packed
and Shipped at Short Notice.

A NEW LINE OF

CARPETS

M. Cottrell's.

NEW STYLES IN

Chamber Furniture

NEW LINE OF

PAPER HANGINGS.Parlour of all Descriptions,
Carpets, Oil Cloths and
Mattings.M. COTTRELL,
COTTRELL BLOCK,

11-16 Next to the Post Office.

WE CLAIMThe Ford Weather Strip to be the
Best in the Market.Your money refunded in every case where it
does not give perfect satisfaction.

W. H. ARNOLD,

12 Broadway.

Sole Agent for Newport County.

New Carpets

AND

Wall Papers.We are daily receiving new carpets
and wall papers and are pre-
pared to show a
fine line of**New Patterns.**

Prices as low as

Anywhere.

W. C. COZZONS & Co.,

138 Thames St.

PIANOS

TO RENT

For the Season.A Large Stock to Se-
lect from.

FINE STATIONERY,

FINE LINEN PAPER,
CREAM WOVE AND LAID, AT

30c. PER LB.

Agency for the Mason & Hamlin Organs.

John Rogers,

210 THAMES ST.

HENRY D. SPOONER

TAILOR,**REMOVED**

TO

200 THAMES STREET

Clothing.

WM. H. ASHLEY & Co.,
The popular and reliable Clothiers, again pre-
sent for inspection a stock of
MEN'S, YOUTHS', BOYS'
CHILDREN'S CLOTHING.
—IN THE—
LATEST STYLES
—AND AT—
LOWEST PRICES.

20 South Main St., Borden's Block

FURNITURE, BORDEN'S.

JOHN ALDERSON,**MERCHANT TAILOR,**

Franklin Street,

ONE DOOR ABOVE THAMES STREET.

Ladies' Cloaks, Ulsters and Walking Coats a
Specialty.

Liveries of every description made to order

A NEW LINE OF

Seasonable Goods

JUST RECEIVED. 1-13

Bargains!**Bargains!**To close Stock we are offering real bar-
gains in**Men's,****Youths'**

AND

Boys'**CLOTHING.**We will make it to your advantage if
you will let us sell you either a**LADIES',****MISSSES,**

OR

CHILDREN'S**Outside Garment**

during the next 20 days.

REMEMBER we close our

Store Tuesday, Thursday

and Friday evenings at

5-6 o'clock.

218 & 220 Thames-st.

J. E. Seabury.

1-10

CLOTHING!!

I would call attention to my stock of

OVERCOATS,

AND

SUITS,which is the largest and best I have ever
had. Also a large stock of**NECKWEAR**

Just received.

JAMES P. TAYLOR'S,

189 THAMES STREET.

Special Bargains!

For the next 30 days we offer our entire

stock of

Fall and Winter WoollensComprising the best goods and styles to be
found in foreign and domestic fabrics, at 15
percent less than our regular prices. This we
do in order to make room for our Spring
and Summer styles, which we will receive
about Feb. 15. We guarantee the make-up of
our goods to be the best and to give general
satisfaction.**McLennan Brothers,**

184 Thames Street,

MERCURY BUILDING.

SUPERFLUOUS HAIRSties and Warts can be cured by elec-
trolysis. This is a preparation of a deli-
cate preparation whereby each hair is treated
separately and is completely destroyed with-
out injury to the skin. Consultation free. Call
for circulars. MRS. E. J. BLAKE, 415
Columbus Ave., Boston, next Hotel Flower
Instruction given and students thoroughly
prepared. Increasing demand for the work.

Miscellaneous.

W. F. Spingler
HAS AT HIS STORE,
No. 146 BELLEVUE AVENUE,
A Fine assortment of
Artistic Wall Papers
In the latest colorings from 20c. per roll.
Also, English Muslin for Curtains,
(Fast Colors) from 20c. per yard.
A large assortment of
UPHOLSTERING GOODS
—FOR—
Furniture Coverings and Curtains.
I would be pleased to have you call and ex-
amine my goods and prices.

No. 146 BELLEVUE AVENUE,

Corner Deloit's Court,

No. 19 FRANKLIN STREET.

Christmas Goods.**OPENING****DEC. 9.**Fine Imported Chocolate and other
Confectionery from Mr. Frank
Brobok, supplied to the Im-
perial Court of Germany.

—ALSO—

Imported French and German

Basketsof the finest patterns are to be sold at very low
prices at**S. Koschny's,**

230 & 232 Thames St.

AS AN

Extra Inducement

TO PUT

KIN CHUN**TEA****Before the People**

WE SHALL

GIVE AWAY**THE HANDSOMEST****Pony Team**

In the Country.

Value \$1,000.00.**John B. DeBlois & Son.**

524

GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1878.**W. BAKER & Co.'s****Breakfast****Cocoa**from which the excess of
acid has been removed, is
Absolutely Pure
and it is Soluble.**No Chemicals**are used in its preparation. It has
more than three times the strength of
Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot
or Sugar, and is therefore far more
economical, costing less than one cent
a cup. It is delicious, nourishing,
strengthening, EASILY DIGESTED,
and admirably adapted for invalids
as well as for persons in health.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.**PATENTS**Obtained, and all other business in the U. S. Patent
Office attended to for MODERATE
FEES.
Our office is opposite the U. S. Patent Office,
and we can obtain patents in less time than
any other office. We also have a
SEND MODY FOR DRAWING. We advise
patentability free of charge; and we make
SEARCHES IN THE U. S. PATENT
OFFICE. For circulars, address, terms and
references to actual clients in your own State
or Country, write to
C. A. SNOW & CO.,
Opposite Patent Office, Washington, D. C.

S.S. Department.

Sunday School Lesson—Jan. 25.

1 Kings 18:25-39.

ELIJAH AND THE PROPHETS OF BAAL.

Lesson Introduction.

The events following the last lesson

are the death of the widow's son and

the death of the king's son, and the

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Little Practical Use for Flying Ma-

chines.

Flying machines are among the near

possibilities—an enthusiast might al-

most say probabilities. Man may yet

harness himself into a light, tough

frame-work of aluminum, and, com-

pelling the electric current completely

to his will, mount the ether like a hawk

or cleave the clouds like an eagle. But

the world has as little practical use for

flying machines as it has for the North

Pole. Scientists would be deeply in-

terested in them; the rich might com-

pulsively use them as luxurious play-

things; adventurous cranks would

play mad pranks with them, not "be-

fore high heaven," but in high heaven,

and the managers of agricultural fairs

and Fourth of July entertainments

would lead them with joy as the legiti-

mate heir to that favorite, the bal-

loon ascension. But the spectacle of a

perfectly flying machine to-morrow

circling its graceful spirals above the

New York Stock Exchange need not

shake by a ripple the watery instability

of the most dropical railroad stock in

that hydropathic centre. The mass of

manifold will live and move forward

on the earth's surface. The power that

links solid substance to that surface

will never be defied or evaded to the

point of a limited extent. [Ar-

thur, Mark Cummings, in North Ameri-

can Review for January.

When Men Cross Their Legs.

Men generally cross their legs when

there is least pressure on their minds.

You will never find a man actively en-

gaged in business with his legs crossed.

The lower limbs at that time are

straighter than at any other, because

the mind and the body work together.

A man engaged in auditing accounts

will never cross his legs, neither will

a man who is writing an article or who is

employed in any manner where his

brain is actively engaged. When at

work, in a sitting posture, the limbs

naturally extend to the floor in a per-

fectly straight line. A man at work

with his legs if he is sitting in an office

chair, discussing some proposition with

another, but the instant he becomes really

in earnest and perceives something to

be gained his limbs uncross quick as a

flash, he bends forward toward his

neighbor and begins to use his hands.

That is a phase that I believe you will

always observe.

A correspondent of Nature points

out that a better notion of our isolation

from the fixed stars can be had by con-

sidering that each eight-year of dis-

